A MVSICALL DREAME.

Thomas Morley

OR THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF AYRES,

The First part is for the Lute, two Voyces, and the Viole de Gambo; The *Second part is for the Lute, the Viole and foure Voices to Sing: The Third part* is for one Voyce alone, or to the Lute, the Basse Viole, or to both if you please, *Whereof, two are Italian Ayres.*

Composed by ROBERT IONES.

Quæ prosunt singula, multa iuuant.



LONDON
Imprinted by the Assignes of WILLIAM BARLEY, and are to be solde in Powles *Church-yeard, at the Signe of the Crowne.* 1609.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL AND WORthy Gentleman, Sir IOHN LEVINTHORPE Knight *perpetuall Happineſſe and Content.*

IT is not vnknowne vnto your wel deſeruing ſelfe, Right VVorſhipfull, that not long ſince I tooke my *Vltimum vale*, with a reſoluing in my ſelfe, neuer to publiſh any workes of the ſame Nature and Faſhion, whereupon I betooke me to the eaſe of my Pillow, where *Somnus* hauing taken poſſeſsion of my eyes, and *Morpheus* the charge of my ſenſes; it happened mee to fall into a Muſical dreame, wherein I chanced to haue many opinions and extrauagant humors of diuers Natures and Conditions, ſome of modeſt mirth, ſome of amorous Loue, and ſome of moſt diuine contemplation; all theſe I hope, ſhall not giue any diſtaſte to the eares, or d ſlike to the mind, eyther in their words, or in their ſeuerall ſounds, although it is not neceſſarie to relate or diuulge all Dreames or Phantaſies that Opinion begets in ſleepe, or happeneth to the mindes apparition: And continuing long in this my dreaming ſlumber, I began to awake, and vpon my eyes vncloſing, I bethought my ſelfe, being full awaked, aduiſing in my mind, whome to elect and chuſe as a Patrone for the ſame, I was eaſily inuited to make choice of your VVorſhip, as one to whome I neceſſarily ought both loue and duety, And howſoeuer I might feare that you wil not acknowledge it, yet in that Nature hath inriched you with more then ordinarie knowledge in this Art, beeing a witnes of that Loue which you haue alwayes afforded to Muſicke, I emboldened my ſelfe the rather to preſent it vnto you. Accept it then (good Sir) as a Token of vnfained Loue, and a debt worthily due vnto you for your many fauours done to him that is

At your Worſhips commaund.

To all Musicall Murmurers,

This Greeting.

THou, whose eare itches with the varietie of opinion, hearing thine owne sound, as the Ecchoe reuerberating others substance, and vnprofitable in it selfe, shewes to the World comfortable noyse, though to thy owne vse little pleasure, by reason of vncharitable censure. I speake to thee musicall Momus, thou from whose nicetie, numbers as easily passe, as drops fall in the showre, but with lesse profite. I compare thee to the hie-way dust that flies into mens eyes, and will not thence without much trouble, for thou in thy dispersed iudgement, not onely art offensiue to seeing knowledge, but most faulty falset o deseruing industry, picking moates out of the most pure Bisse, and smoothing the plainest veluet, when onely thine owne opinion is more wrinckled and more vitious in it selfe, then grosser soyle, so that as a brush infected with filth, thou rather soylest then makest perfect any way. I haue stood at thine elbow, and heard thee prophane euen Musickes best Note, and with thy vntunde rellish Sol Fade most ignobly. I am assured, and I care not greatly, that thou wilt lay to my charge, my whilome vow, Neuer againe, because I promised as much: but vnderstand me thou vnskilfull descanter, deriue from that Note of Plaine Song charitable numbers, and thou shalt find harsh voices are often a Note aboue Ela reduced by truer iudgement, which I bereaue thee of, knowing thy Rules, are as our new come Lutes, being of many stringes, not easily vsed, vnlesse in aduenture, till practise put forward into deseruing Diuision. This my aduenture is no deed but a dreame, and what are dreames, but airie possessions, and seuerall ayres, breathing harmonious whisperings, though to thee discord, yet to others indifferent, I will not say excellent, because it is an others office not mine, but let them be as they are, others profites and my paines, set forth for pleasure, not for purposed poyson to infect imagination, no, but as a showre falling in a needfull season, so I flatter my selfe at least, and will say so euer by any other, whose labour shall vplift Musicall meditation, the onely wing of true courage, being the most pleasing voice of man, whose sweetenes reacheth vnto heauen it selfe. I t is hard if al this paines reape not good commendations, and it is water wrung out of a Flint in thee, sith thou neuer think'st well of any, and wert in thy selfe so vnskilfull euer, as thy Tutor from the first howre could neuer make thee sing in Tune; be as thou art a lumpe of deformity without fashion, bredde in the bowels of disdaine, and brought forth by bewitcht Megæra, the fatall Widwife to all true merite.

Giue me leaue to depart, or if not, without it I am gone, careless of thy censuring, and fully perswaded thou canst not thinke well, and therefore art curst in thy Cradle, neuer to be but cruell, and being borne with teeth in thy head, bitst euery one harmeles in this or what else honest industry, makes thy eare gossip too.

Farewell if thou wilt in kindnesse, or hold thy selfe from further carping.

A TABLE CONtaining all the Songes in *this Booke.*

THough your ſtrangenes frets my heart, 1
Sweet Kate of late ranne away, 2
Once did I ſerue a cruell heart 3
Will ſaid to his Mammy, that he would goe woe 4
Harke, harke, wot you what 5
My complayning is but fayning 6
On a time in ſummers ſeaſon, 7
Farewel fond youth, if thou hadſt not beene blind 8
How ſhould I ſhew my loue vnto my loue 9
O he is gone and I am here 10
And is it night, are they thine eyes that ſhine 11
She hath an eye, aye me, 12
I know not what, yet that I feele is much, 13
Griefe of my beſt loues abſenting 14
If in this fleſh where thou indrencht doſt lie, 15
O thred of life when thou art ſpent 16
When I ſit reading all alone. 17
Faine would I ſpeake, but feare to giue offence 18
In Sherwood liude ſtout Robin Hood, 19

Ite Caldi ſoſpiri, 20
Samor non è che dunque. 21

THough your ſtrangenes frets my heart, yet muſt I not com plaine,
You perſwade me tis but Art which ſecret loue muſt faine,

If another you af fect, tis but a toy to a uoide ſuſpect, Is this faire excuſing,

O no O no iii, iii. O no no no no no all is abu ſing.

2 When your wiſht ſight I deſire,
Suſpition you pretend,
Cauſleſle you your ſelfe retire,
Whilſt I in vaine attend,
Thus a louer as you ſay,
Still made more eager by delay,
Is this faire excuſing,
O no, all is abuſing.

3 When another holds your hand,
Youle ſweare I hold your heart,
Whilſt my riuall cloſe doth ſtand,
And I ſit farre apart,
I am neerer yet then they,
Hid in your boſome as you ſay,
Is this faire excuſing,
O no all is abuſing.

4 Would a riuall then I were,
Some elſe your ſecret friend,
So much leſſer ſhould I feare,
And not ſo much attend,
They enioy you euery one,
Yet muſt I ſeeme your friend alone,
Is this faire excuſing,
O no all is abuſing.

Musica medicina doloris/

oh bacus Phœbi et bapibus supremi
grata testudo Iouis, oh let crementum:

Si bona vina cupis quinq; hac laudantur ni illis
fortia formosa fragrantia, frigida, frisca:
Merces virtutis honos.

BASSVS.

Hough your ſtrangeneſſe frets my heart, yet muſt I not complaine.
You perſwade mee tis but art, which ſecret loue muſt faine.
If an other you affect, tis but a toy to

auoide ſuſpect, Is this faire excuſing O no O no, .ii. .ii. .ii. no, no no no no all is a buſing,

O no O no .ii. .ii. no no no no no all is a buſing.

ALTVS.

Hough your ſtrangeneſſe frets my heart, yet muſt I not complaine.
You perſwade mee tis but art, which ſecret loue muſt faine.
If an other you affect, tis but a toy to

auoide ſuſpect, Is this faire excuſing O no O no, .ii. .ii. .ii. no, no no no no all is a buſing,

O no O no .ii. .ii. no no no no no all is a buſing.



2 Vnkind,
I find,
Thy delight is in tormenting,
A bide,
I cride,
Or I die with thy conſenting.
Te hee hee quoth ſhe,
Make no foole of me,
Men I know haue oathes at pleaſure,
But their hopes attaind,
They bewray they faind,
And their oathes are kept at leaſure.

3 Her words
Like ſwords,
Cut my ſorry heart in ſunder,
Her floutes,
VVith doubts,
Kept my heart affections vnder.
Te hee hee qnoth ſhee,
What a foole is he,
Stands in awe of once denying.
Cauſe I had inough,
To become more rough,
So I did, O happy trying.

BASSVS.

Weet Kate

ALTVS.

Weete Kate of late, ranne away and left me playning, He hee hee quoth ſhee gladly
A bide I ctide, or I die with thy diſdayning,

would I ſee, any man to die with louing: Neuer any yet, died of ſuch a fitte, Neuer haue I feare of

prouing.

ONce did I ſerue a cruell hart with faith vn-

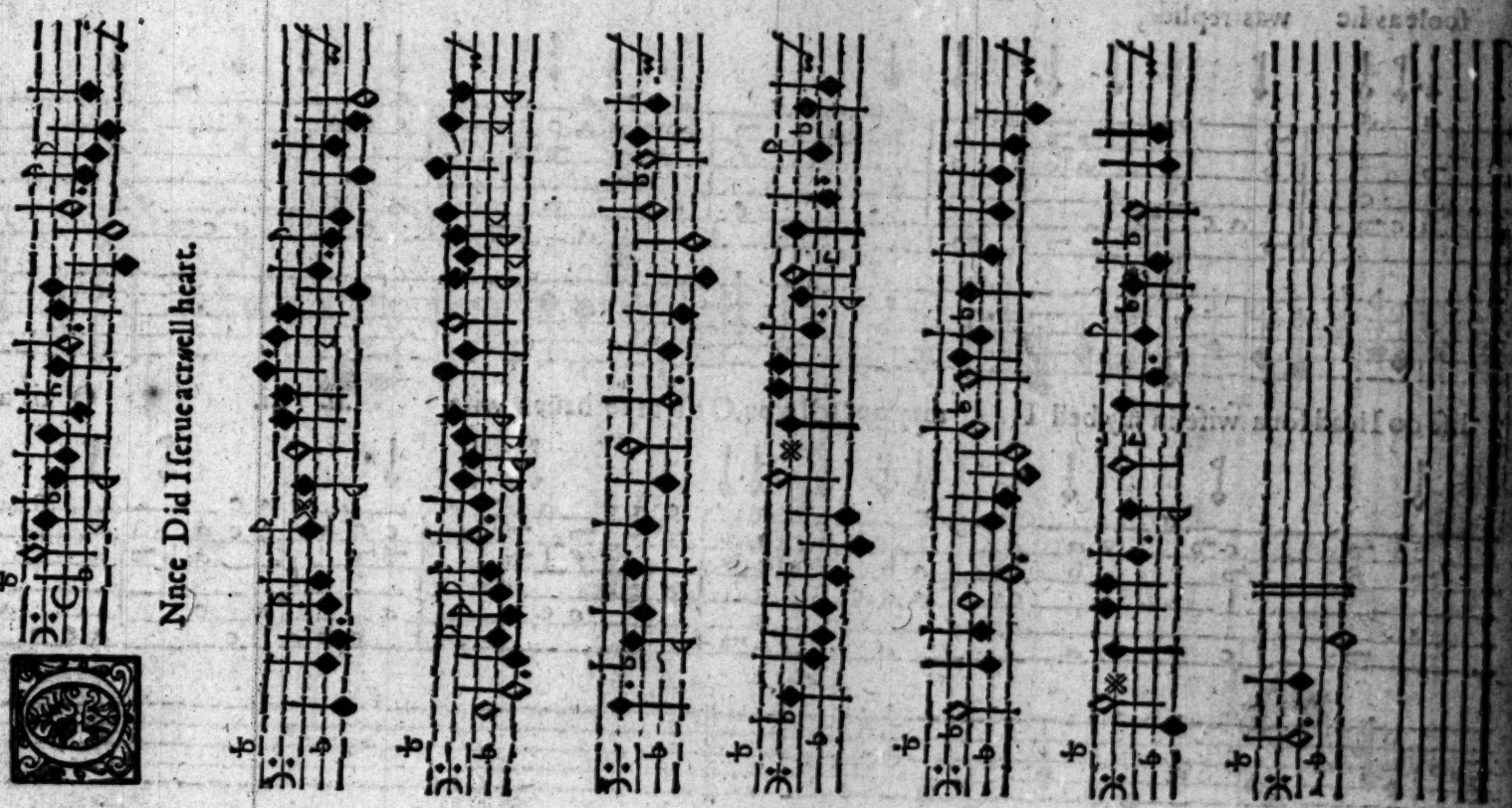
ſainde I ſtill importune her pierſing lookes that wrought my ſmart, ſhe laughes .ii, .ii.

and ſmiles at my miſſortune and ſayes perhaps .ii, you

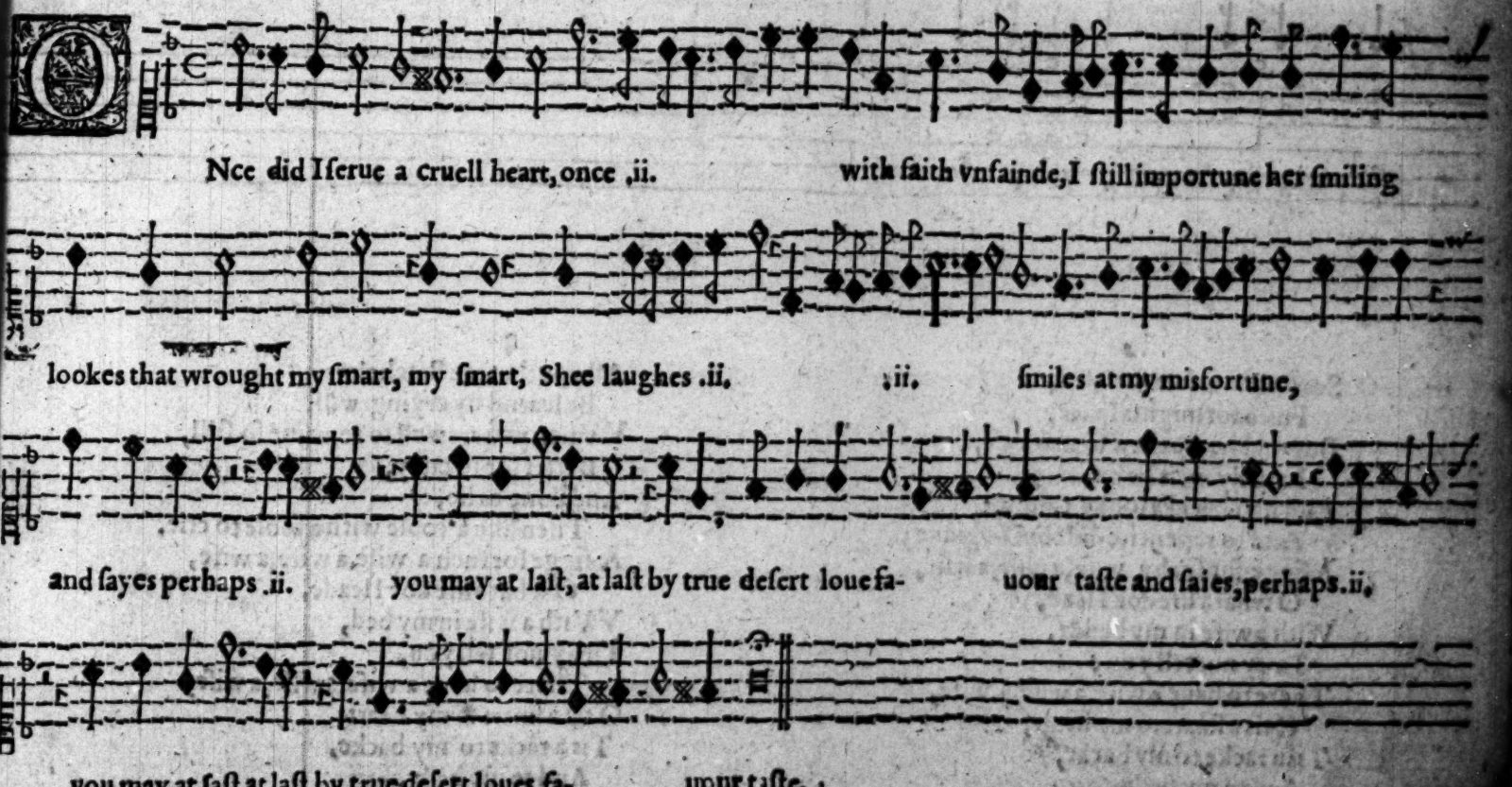
may at laſt by true deſart, ii. loues fauour taſte.

BASSVS.

Nace Did I ſerue a cruell heart.



ALTVS.

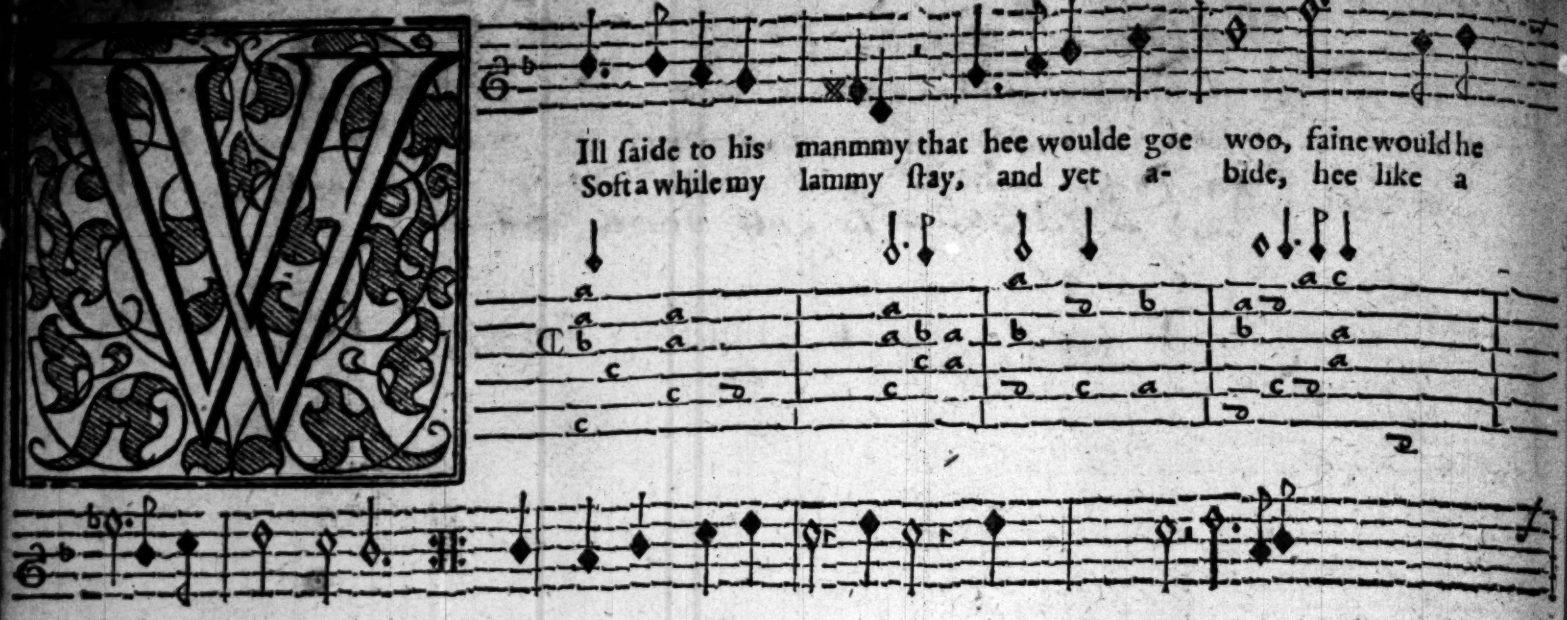


Nce did I ſerue a cruell heart, once ,ii. with faith vnfainde, I ſtill importune her ſmiling

lookes that wrought my ſmart, my ſmart, Shee laughes .ii. ,ii. ſmiles at my misfortune,

and ſayes perhaps .ii. you may at laſt, at laſt by true deſert loue fa- uour taſte and ſaies, perhaps .ii.

you may at laſt at laſt by true deſert loues fa- uour taſte.



2

Scarcely was hee wedded,
Full a fortnights space,
But that he was in a heauie case,
Largely was he headded,
And his cheekes lookt thinne:
And to repent he did thus beginne;
A figge for such a wife, a wife, a wife,
O what a life doe I lead,
With a wife in my bedde,
I may not tell you?
There to haue a wife, a wife, a wife,
O tis a smart to my heart,
Tis a racke to my backe,
And to my belly.

3

All you that are Batchelers,
Be learnd by crying will,
When you are well to remaine so still,
Better for to tarry,
And alone to lie,
Then like a foole with a foole to crie,
A figge for such a wife, a wife, a wife,
O what a life doe I leade,
With a wife in my bed,
I may not tell you,
There to haue a wife, a wife, a wife,
O tis a smart to my heart,
Tis a racke to my backe,
And to my belly.

BASSVS.

Ill said to his Mammy,

ALTVS.

Ill saide to his mammy that hee woulde goe woo, faine would he wed but he wot not who
Soft a while my lammy stay, and yet a- bide, hee like a foole as he was replide,

In faith chil haue a wife ,ii. ,ii. O what a life doe I lead for a wife in my bed, I may not tell you, O there

to haue a wife a wife, ,ii. ,ii. O tis a smart to my heart, tis a racke to my backe and to my belly.



Arke harke wot yee what .ii. nay faith and ſhall

I tell I am afraide .ii. to die, to die to die a maid and then lead

Apes in hell O it makes me ſigh ſigh .ii. .ii. & ſob with inward griefe, but if I can but

get a man a man hele yeeld me ſome reliefe .ii. ſome reliefe.

2 O it is ſtrange how nature works with me,
My body is ſpent and I lament mine owne great folly,
O it makes me ſigh and powre forth flouds of teares,
Alas poore elfe none bnt thy ſelfe would liue, hauing ſuch cares

3 O now I ſee that fortune frownes on me
By this good light I haue beene ripe,
O it makes me ſigh and ſure it will me kill,
When I ſhould ſleepe I lie and weepe, feeding on ſorrowes ſtill.

4 I muſt confeſſe as maides haue vertue ſtore,
Liue honeſt ſtill againſt our wils, more fooles we are therfore:
O it makes me ſigh, yet hope doth ſtill me good,
For if I can but get a man, with him ile ſpend my blood.

BASSVS.

Arke wot you what.

ALTVS.

Arke, harke wot you what .ii. nay faith and ſhall I tell I am afraide afraide, I .ii. .ii.

to die to die, I am afraide to die a maid, and ſo leade Apes in hell, Oh it makes me ſigh, ſigh, .ii. .ii. and ſob with

.9.

inward griefe, but if I can but get a man, heele yeelde me ſome reliefe, .ii. heele yeeld me ſome reliefe,

MY complayning is but fayning, all my loue is but in ieſt, fa,la,la,fa, la, la,

fa, la, la, fa, la,la, la,la,fa, la la la la la fa la, la, la, And my Courting is but ſporting in moſt

ſhewing meaning, leaſt fa la la .ii. .ii. .ii, fa la fa la la la fa la la la.

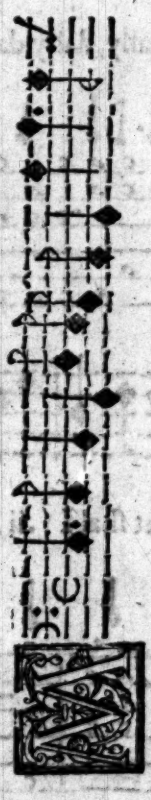
2

Outward ſadneſſe inward gladneſſe,
Repreſenteth in my mind, fa la la,
In moſt fayning moſt obtayning,
Such good faith in loue I find. fa la la.

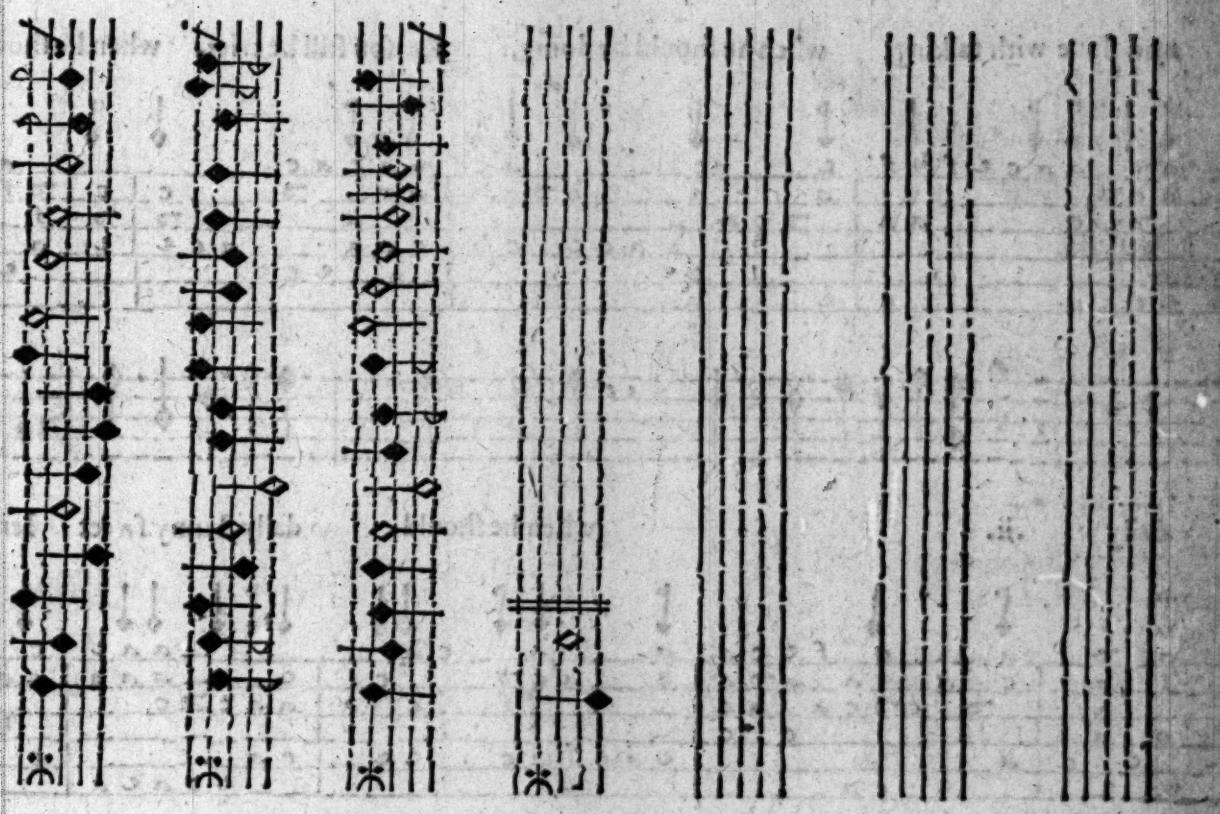
3

Towards Ladies this my trade is,
Two minds in one breaſt I were, fa la la,
And my meaſure at my pleaſure,
Ice and flame my face doth beare. Fa la la.

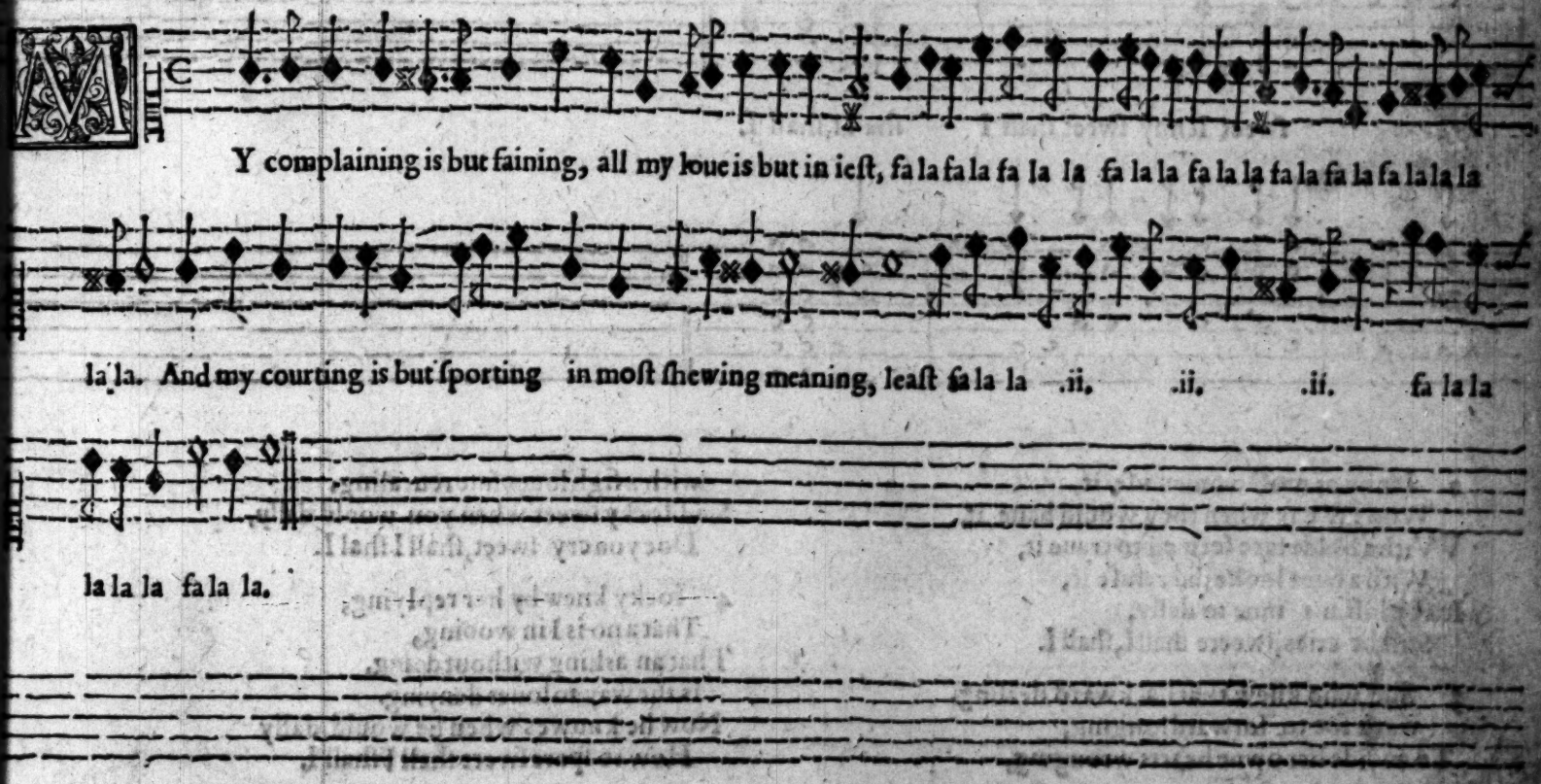
BASSVS.



Y complayning.



ALTVS.



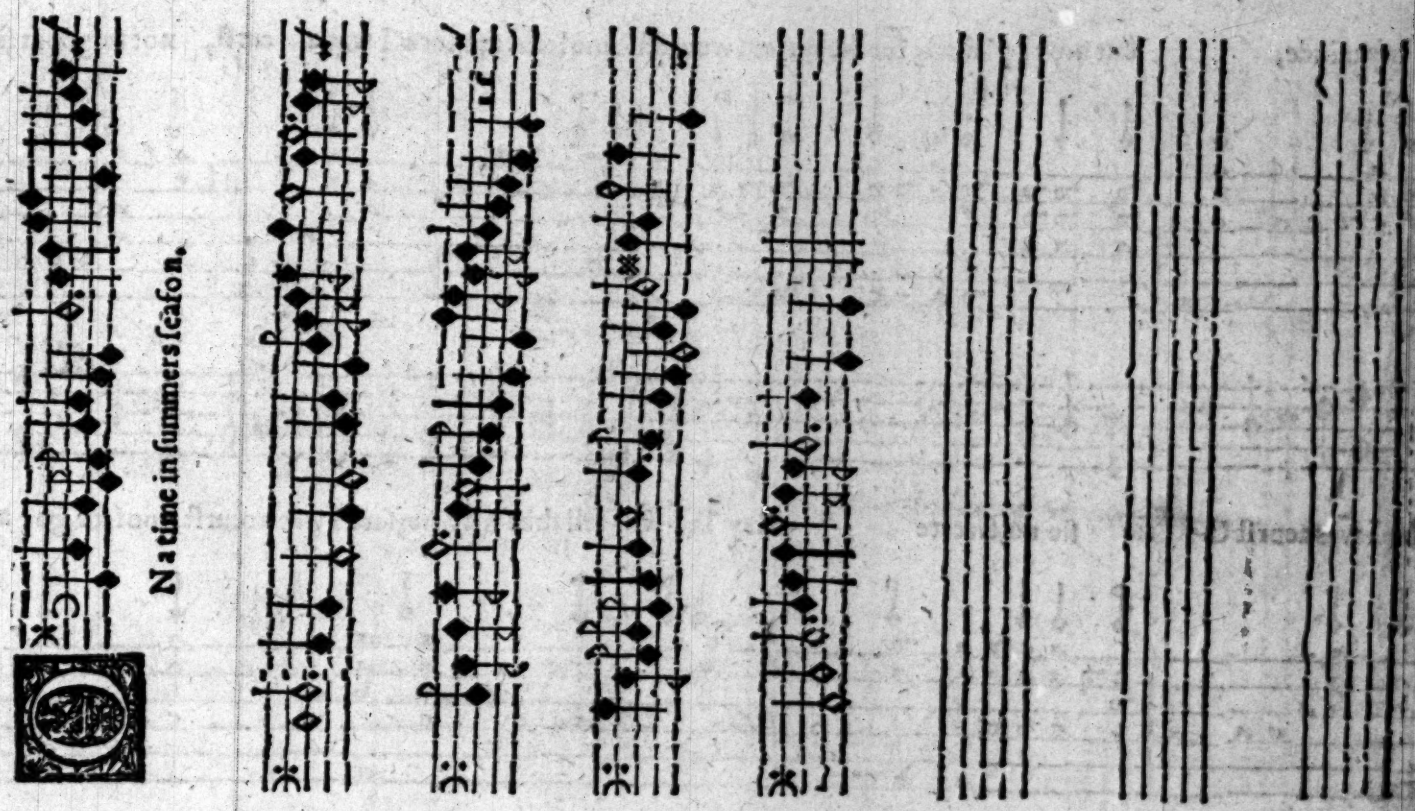


2 Ienny as moſt women vſe it,
Who ſay nay when they would haue it,
VVith a bolde face ſeemed to craue it,
With a faint looke did refuſe it,
Iocky loſt his time to dally,
Still he cries, ſweete ſhall I, ſhall I.

3 She who knew that backward dealing,
was a foe to forward longing,
To auoide her owne hearts wronging,
with a ſigh loues ſute reuealing.
Said Iocky ſweet when you would dally,
Doe you cry ſweet, ſhall I ſhal I.

4 Iocky knew by her replying,
That a no is I in wooing,
That an asking without doing,
Is the way to loues denying.
Now he knowes when he would dally
How to ſpare ſweet ſhall I ſhall I.

BASSVS.



ALTVS.



FArewell fond youth, if thou hadst not bin blind out of my eye thou mightst haue read

my minde, but now I plainely see how thou wouldst faine leaue me; sure I was a curst, not to goe at first

sure I was a curst O fie fie no, sweete stay & I will tell thee why no, sure I was accurst not to goe at

first, sure I was ac curst O fie fie no, sweet stay and I will tell thee why no.

1

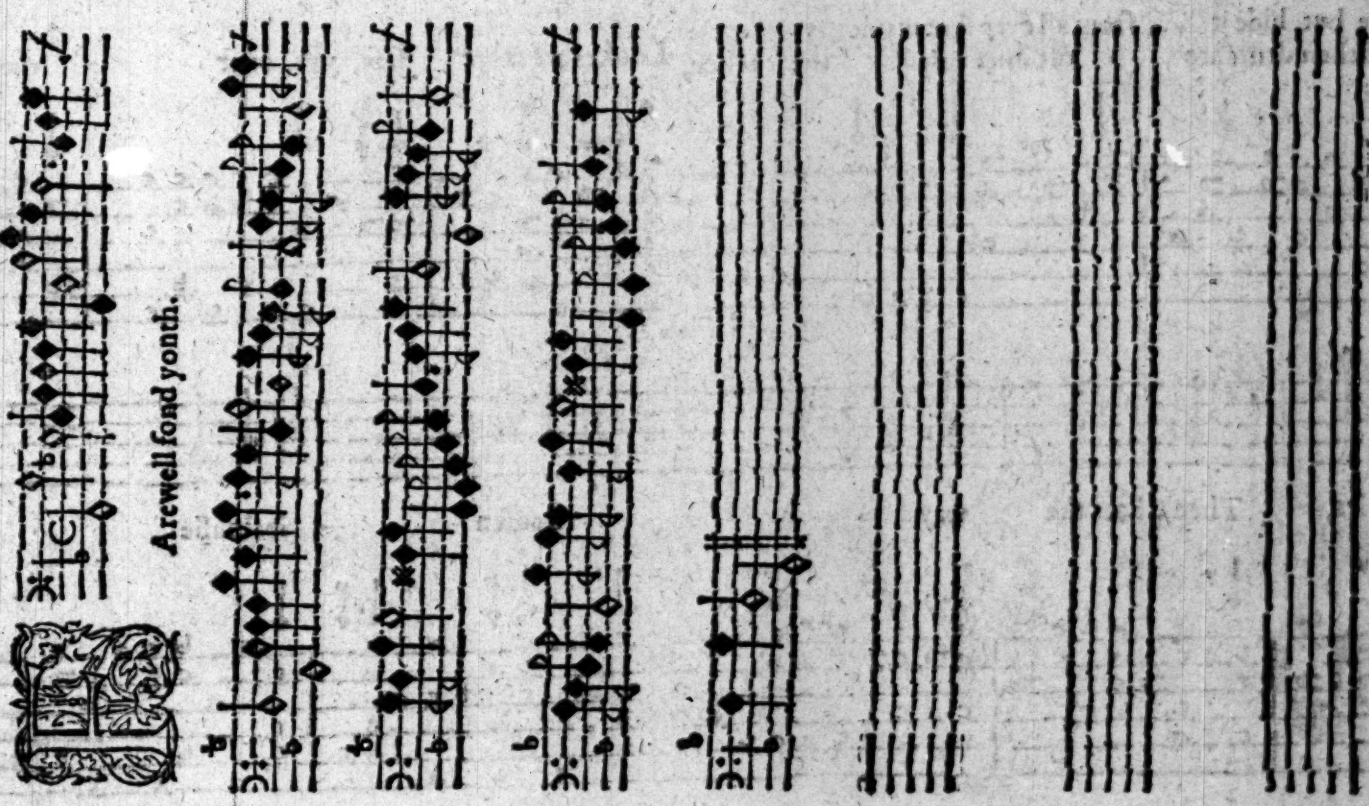
Once more farewell, since first I heard thee speake,
And had but sung farewell, my heart would breake,
But now since I doe find thy loue is like the wind,
What a foole was I
To be like to die.
What a foole was I, I was not,
Yet say I was a foole I passe not.

2

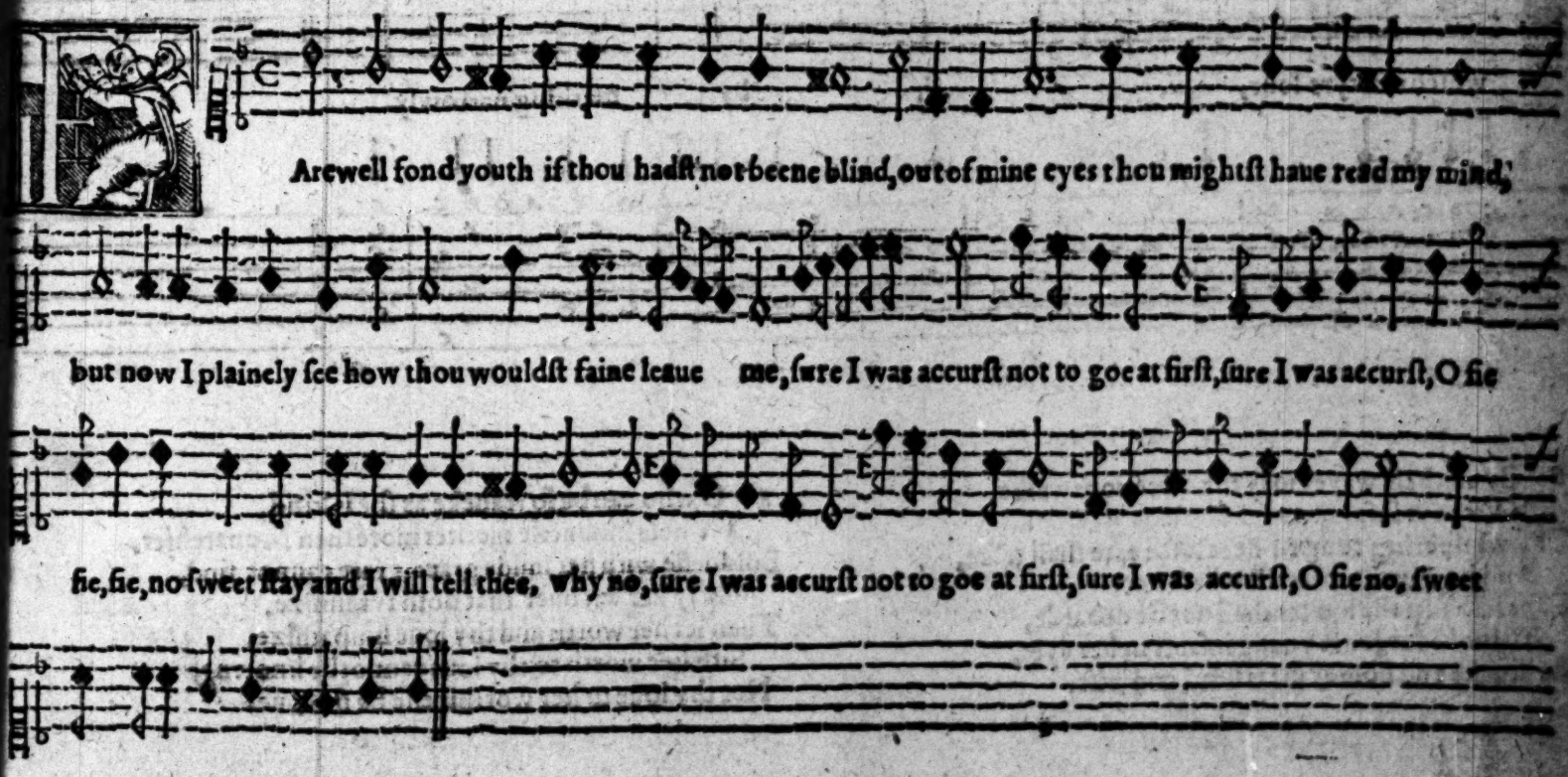
Woes me alasse, why did I let him goe,
These be the fruites of idle saying no,
Now that he can disproue me, how shall he euer loue me,
Nay but is he gone,
Then I am vndone,
Nay but is he gone, O hold him,
Fie, forty things are yet vnt old him

BASSVS.

Arewell fond youth.



ALTVS.



How ſhould I ſhew my loue vnto my loue but
The way by pen or tong I dare not proue their

hide but hide it from all eyes ſaue my loues eyes:
drifts their drifts are oft diſcouered by the wiſee, Lookes are more ſafe, yet ouer them are

ſpies, Then whats the way to coſen iealouſie

which martyrs loue, .ii. .ii. by marking narrowly.

2 By all theſe wayes may thy affections walke,
VVithout ſuſpition of the iealous guarde:
Thy whiſpering tong to her cloſde eare ſhall talke,
And be importunate till it be harde,
Papers ſhall paſſe lookes ſhall not be debarde,
To looke for loues young infants in her eyes,
Be franke and bold as ſhe is kind and wiſe.

3 O who can be ſo francke as ſhe is kind,
VVhoſe kindneſſe merites more then Monarchies,
Boldneſſe with her milde grace, grace cannot find,
Onely her wit ouer that doth tyrannize,
Then let her worth and thy loue ſimpathize,
Sith her worth to thy loue cannot be knowne,
Nor thy loue to her worthineſſe be ſhowne.

BASSVS.

Ow should I shew my loue vnto my loue vn- .ii.
The way by pen or tongue I dare not proue .ii.

but hide it from all eyes saue my loues eyes,
their drifts are oft discouered by the wise,

Lookes are more safe, yet ouer them are spies, then whats the way, .ii.

whats the way, then whats .ii. .ii.

to cosen iealousie,

which martyrs loue .ii.

.ii.

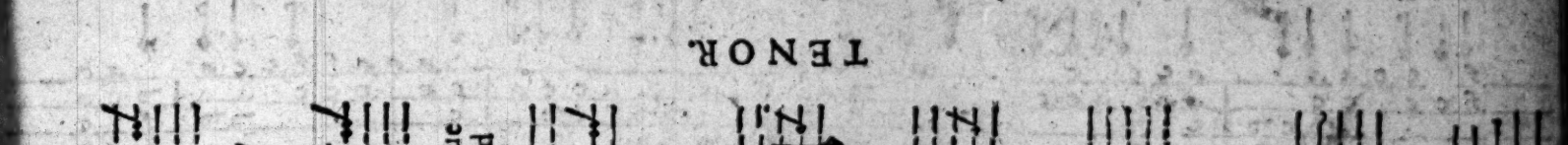
by marking narrowly,

TENOR



Ow should I shew my loue vnto my loue .ii.
The way by pen or tongue I dare not proue, .ii.

but hide, but hide it from all eyes saue my loues eies.
their drifts, their drifts are oft discouered by the wife



Lookes are more safe, yet ouer them are spies, yet .ii.

then whats the way to cosen iealousie to .ii.

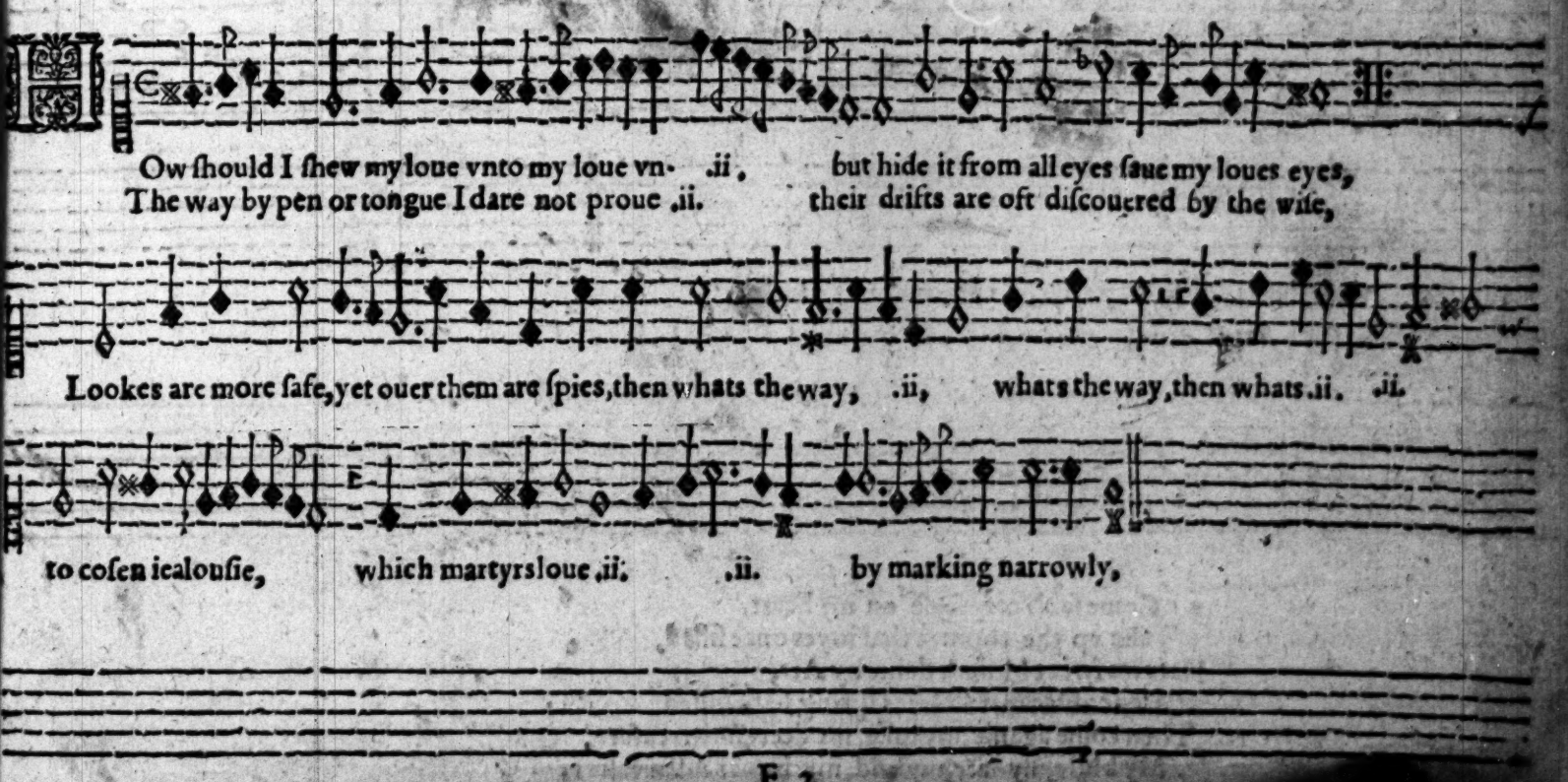


.ii. iealousie which Martyrs loue .ii.

by marking narrowly.



ALTVS.



Ow should I shew my loue vnto my loue vn- .ii.
The way by pen or tongue I dare not proue .ii.

but hide it from all eyes saue my loues eyes,
their drifts are oft discouered by the wise,

Lookes are more safe, yet ouer them are spies, then whats the way, .ii.

whats the way, then whats .ii. .ii.

to cosen iealousie,

which martyrs loue .ii.

.ii.

by marking narrowly,

He is gone, O he is gone

O he is gone and I am here aye me aye me why are wee thus deui-

ded, My ſight in his eyes, did appeare my ſoule .ii. .ii. by his ſoules

thought was guided then come againe .ii. .ii. my all my life, my be-

ing, ſoules, zeale, harts ioy, eares geſter, eyes onely ſeeing.

2 Come ſable care ſeaſe on my heart,
Take vp the roomes that ioyes once filled,
Natures ſweet bliſſe is ſlaine by Art,
A ſence blacke froſt lines ſpring hath killed
Then come againe, my loue, my deere, my treaſure,
My bliſſe, my fate, my end, my hopes full meaſure.

TENOR.

O he is gone, and I am here .ii. I am O .ii. ah me, .ii. why are we thus

deuided, my sight by his soules thought was guided did appeare my soule .ii. by his soules thought was guided

.5.

then come againe my all my life, being, soule, zeale, harts ioy, eares guest, eyes onely seeing,

BASSVS.

He is gone, .ii. and I am here, O .ii. is gone and I am here, O .ii. why are we thus deui ded, my sight in his eyes did appeare, didappeare, my soule .ii. by his soules thought was guided, then come againe, O then .ii. my al my life, my beeing, soules, zeale, harts ioy, eares guest, eyes onely seeing.

ALTVS.

He is gone, .ii. .ii. and I am here, O .ii. he is gone, O hee .ii. ah me, ah me, why

are we thus deuided, my sight in his eyes did appeare, did ap peare, my soule, .ii. .ii. by his soules

.5.

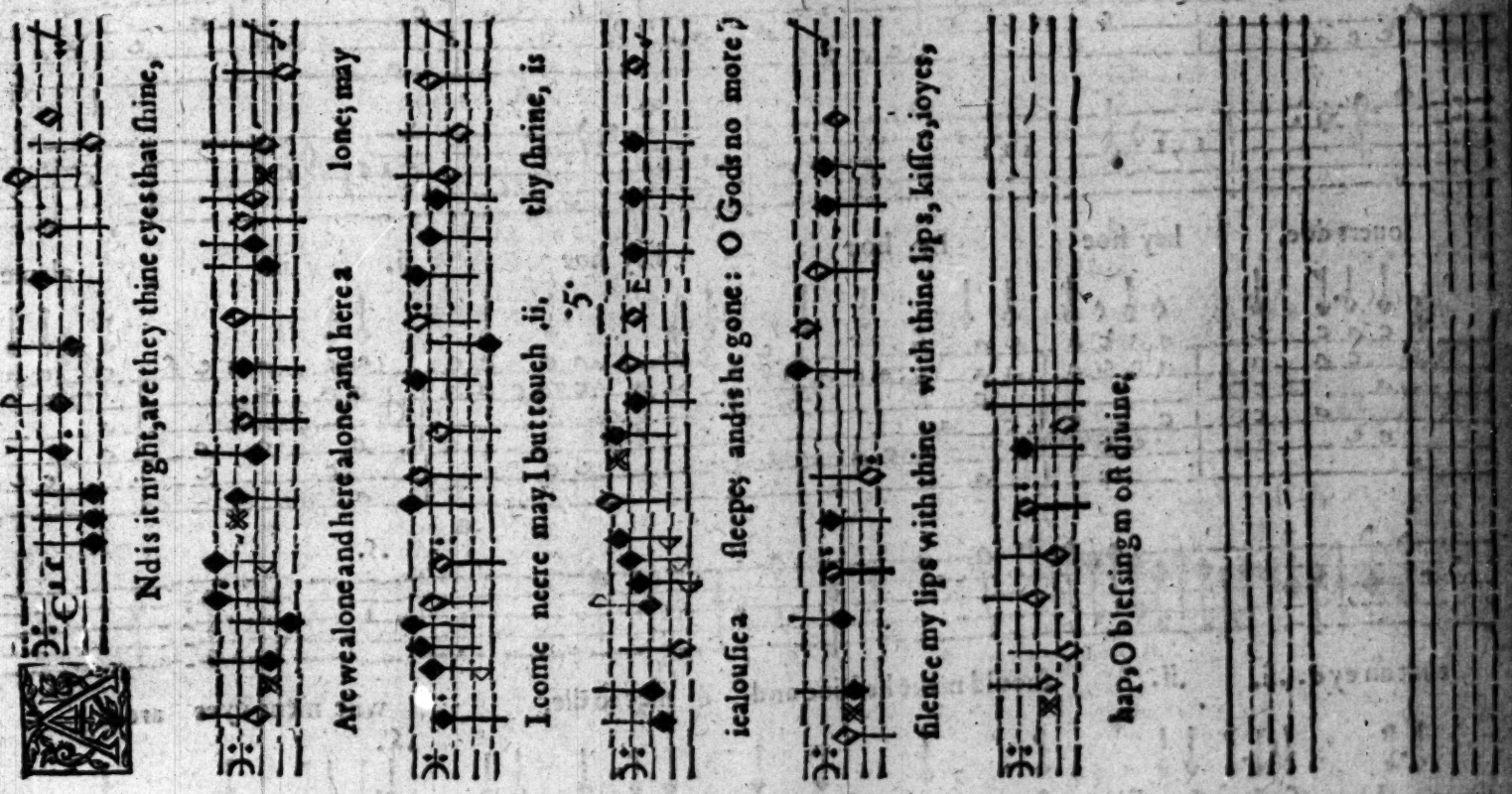
thought was guided, then come again, .ii. my all my life, my being, soule, zeale, harts ioy, eares guest eyes onlie seeing.



2

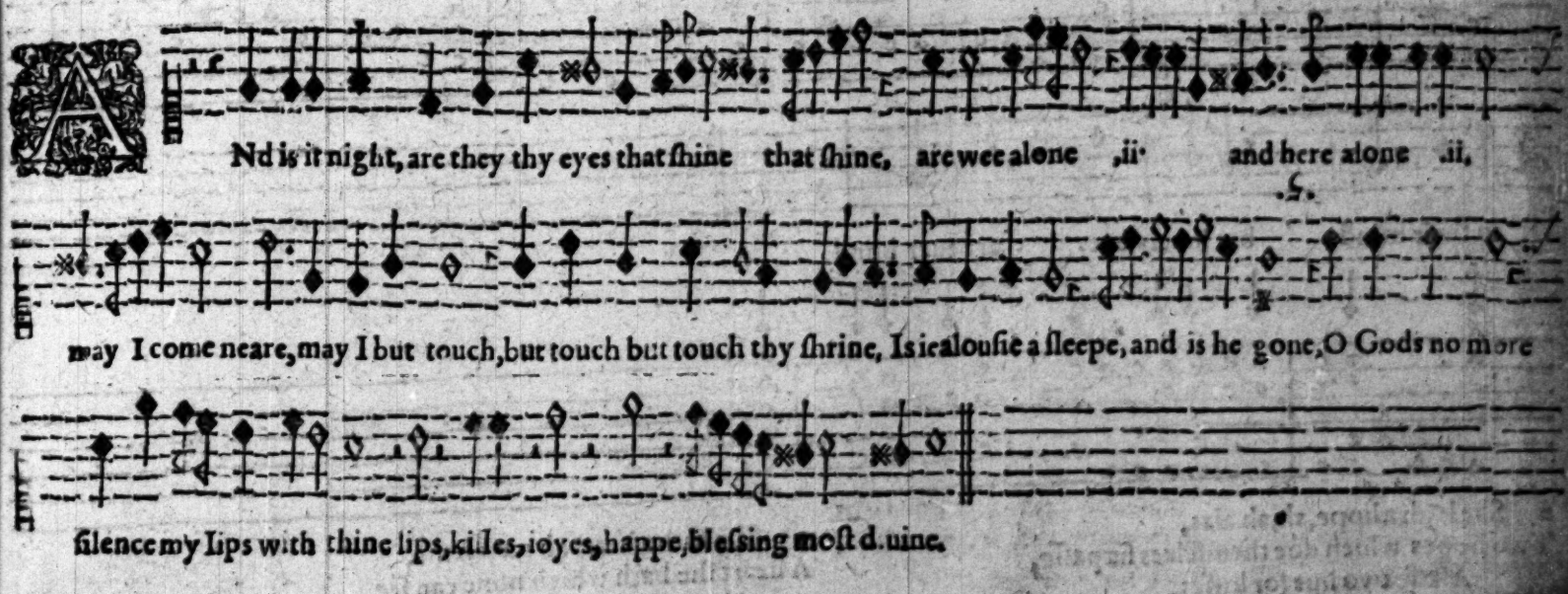
O come my deare our griefes are turnde to night,
And night to ioyes. night blinds pale enuies eyes,
Silence and sleepe prepare vs our delight,
O cease we then our woes, our griefes our cries,
O vanish words, words doe but passions moue,
O deerest life, ioyes sweet, O sweetest loue.

BASIVS.



TENOR.

ALTVS.





He hath an eye ah me, ah me ſhee .ii,

an eye to ſee .ii. ah me that ſhee hath too which makes me ſigh as

louers doe, hey hoe hey hoe hey hoe .ii. .iii. ah me

that an eye .ii. .ii. ſhould make her liue and mee to die, wiſe mens eyes are

in their mind but louers eyes are euer blind.

2 She hath a lippe, ah, ah alas,
Two lippes which doe themſelues ſurpaſſe,
A laſſe two lips for kiſſes,
Of earthly loue the heauenly bliſſes, hey hoe, hey hoe
A laſſe, oh woe that a heauen,
Should make vs gods that make all euen,
Ladies kiſſes are a charme,
[illegible] are they doe vs harme.

3 She hath a heart ah me, ah me,
A heart ſhe hath which none can ſee,
Ah me that I haue none,
Which makes me ſigh, yea ſighing grone, hey hoe, hey hoe
Hey hoe aye me that I part,
And liue, yet leaue wich her my heart,
Hartleſſe men may liue by loue.
This ſhe doth know, and this I proue.

BASSVS.



TENOR.

ALTVS.



I Know not what .ii. yet that I

feele is much, it came I know not when, it was not euer yet

hurtes I know not how, yet is it ſuch as I am pleaſd .ii, .ii, though

it be cured neuer It is a wound .ii. that waſteth

.5.

ſtill in woe and yet I would not, that it were not ſo,

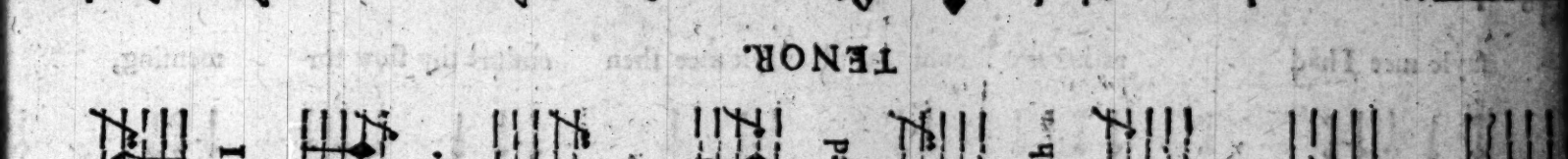
2 Pleaſde with a thought that endeth with a ſigh,
Sometimes I ſmile when teares ſtand in my eyes,
Yet then and there ſuch ſweet contentment lieth,
Both when and where my ſweet ſower torment lies,
O out alas, I cannot long endure it,
And yet alaſſe I care not when I cure it.

3 But well away, me thinks I am not ſhee,
That wonted was theſe fits as foule to ſcorne.
One and the ſame, euen ſo I ſeeme to be,
As loſt I liue, yet of my ſelfe forlorne,
What may this be that thus my mind doth moue,
Alaſſe I feare, God ſhield it be not loue.

TENOR.



Know not with .ii. .ii. .ii. yet that I feele is much, it came I know not when



not when, it was not cure, it hurts I know now how it is, it ſuch yet is it, ſuch as I am pleaſde, .ii. though it be cured



It is a wound that wa ſteth ſtill in woe, and yet I would not that it were not ſo.

BASSVS.

Know not what .ii. .ii. yet that I feele is much .ii. it came I know not when .ii. it was not ever it hurts, I know not how, yet is it ſuch .ii. as I am pleaſde though it be cured .ſ. neuer, It is a wound .ii. that waſteth ſtill in woe, and yet I would not that it were not ſo.

ALTVS.



Know not what .ii. .ii. yet that I feele is much, it came I know not when, I know not when .ii. it came I know not when .ii. yet is it ſuch .ii. as I am pleaſd .ii. .ii. though it be cured, neuer .ii. it is a wound .ii. .ii. that waſteth ſtill in woe, & yet I would not that it were not ſo.



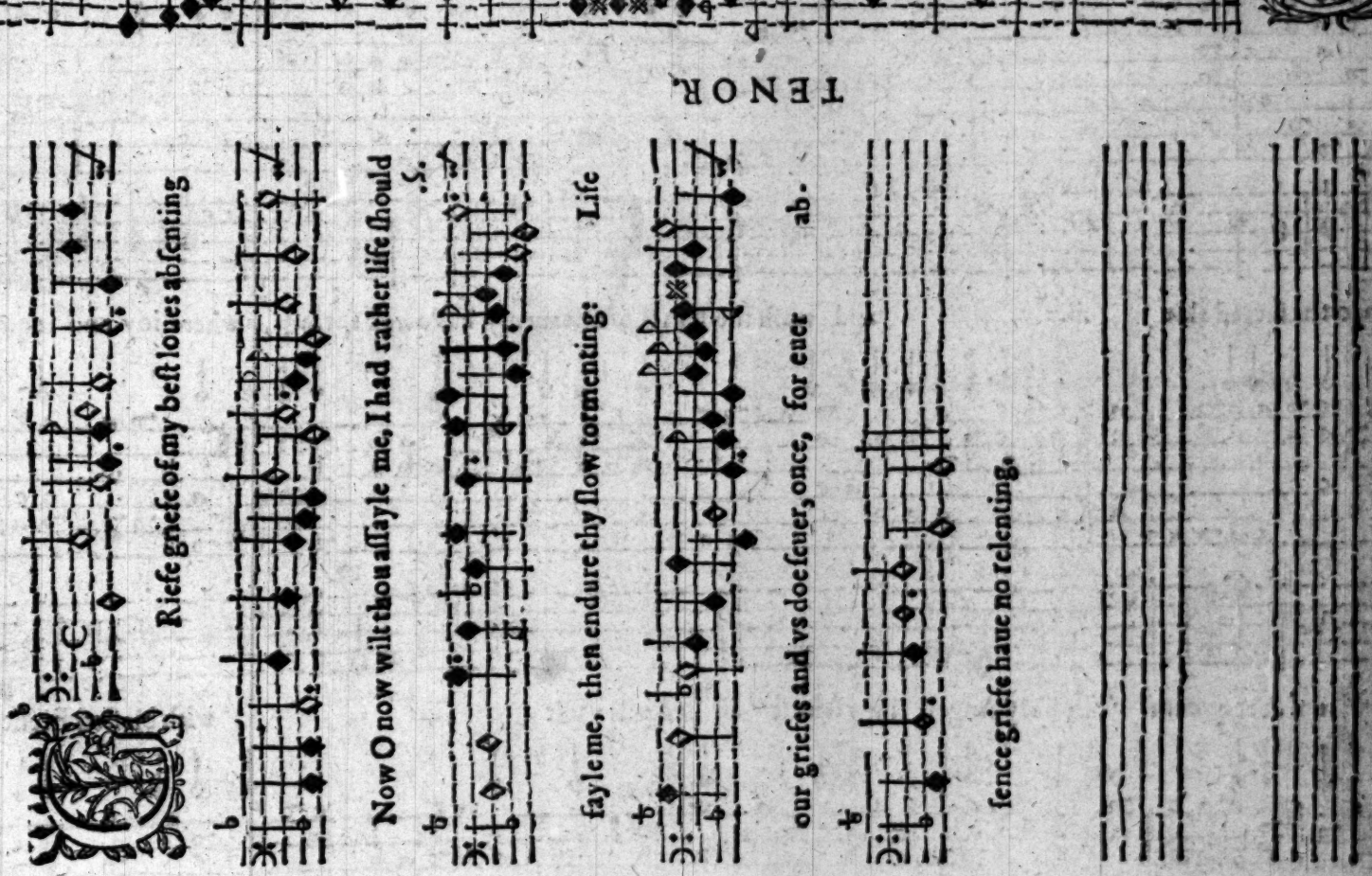
2

Well, be it foule abſence ſpights me,
So far of it cannot ſend her,
As my heart ſhould not attend her.
O how this thoughts thought delights me
Abſence doe thy worſt and ſpare not,
Know I care not
When thou wrongſt me, my thoughts right me.

3

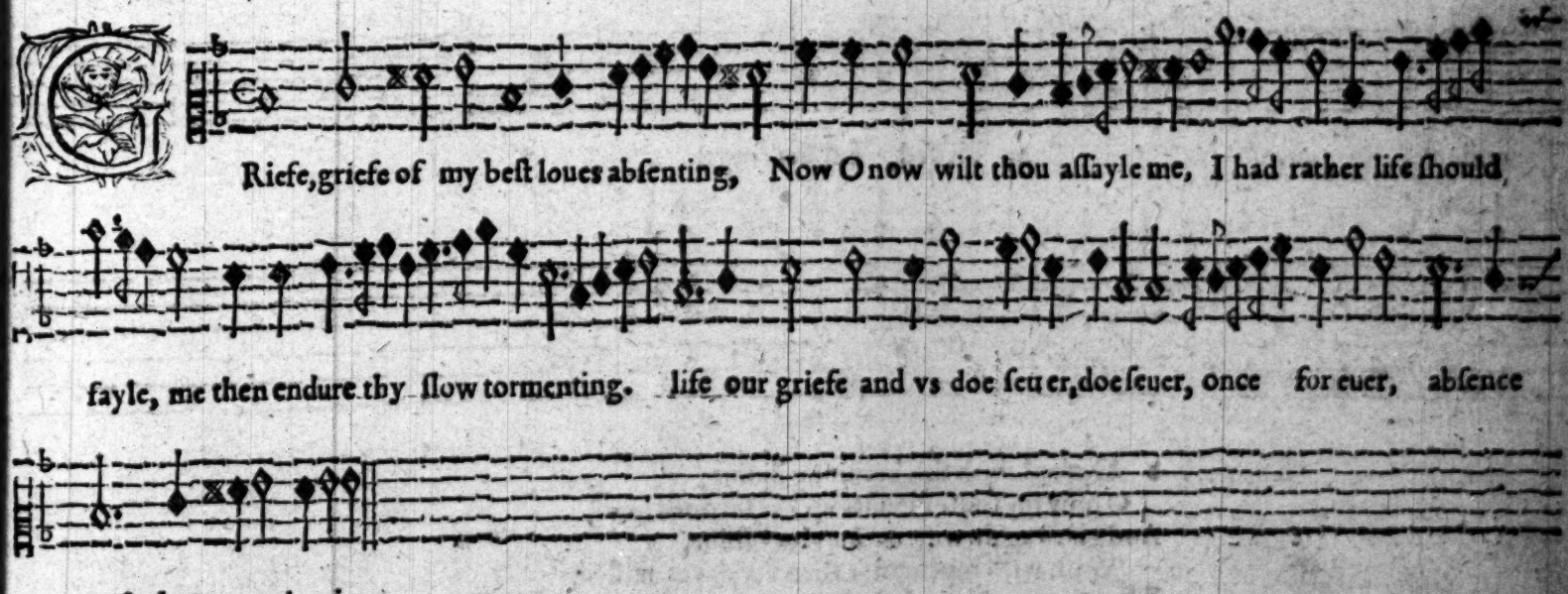
O but ſuch thoughts proue illuſions,
Shadowes of a ſubſtance baniſht,
Dreames of pleaſure too ſoone vaniſht,
Reaſons maimde of their concluſions,
Then ſince thoughts and all deceiue me,
O life leaue me,
End of life ends loues confuſions.

BASSVS.



TENOR.

ALTVS.



I F in this flesh where thou in drencht dost lie

poore soule thou canst reare vp .ii. .ii. thy limed wings, carry my thoughts

vp to the sacred skie .ii. and wash them in those heauenly hallowed springs, where ioy and reque-

um & requeum The holy Angels sings whilst all heauens vault .ii. with blessed Ecchoes

.ii. .ii. .ii. blessed Echoes rings.

2 Awaked with this harmony diuine,
O how my soule mounts vp her throned head,
And gines again with natiue glory shine,
Wash with repentance then thy dayes misled,
Then ioyes with requeum mayest thou with Angels sing,
Whilest all heauens vault with blessed Ecchoes ring.

ALTVS.

F in the flesh where thou indrencht dost lie poore soule, poore soule, shou canst reare vp thy limed .ii. winge

thou canst .ii. wings carry my thoughts vp to the sacred skies, vp to .ii. and wash them in those heauē-

ly hallowed springs. where ioyes & requeum and requium the holy angels sing, the .ii. whilst all heauens vault

.ii. .ii. with blessed Ecchoe, .ii. .ii. with blessed Ecchoes Ring.

Thred of life when thou art spēt how are my sorrowes eased. O earth why trembleſt
O vaile of fleſh whē thou art rent how shal my soule be pleaſed:

thou at death that did re ceiue both heate and breath by bargain of a ſecond birth, that done .ii, that done again to

be cold earth, Come death .ii. .ii. deere widwife to my life, see ſin and ver tue holde at ſtrife,

Make haſt a way leſt thy de lay .ii. bee my de- cay world of in. anity

ſchoolhouſe of vanity minion of hell fare well .ii. .ii. farewell.

2 O coward life whoſe feare doth tie me in diſtaſting ſenoes,
Infuſed part mount vp on hie, life gets on life offences,
O flie immortall flie away,
Be not immurde in finite clay,
Where true loue doth with ſelfe loue fight,
Begetting thoughts that doe affright,
Courage faint heart, ſound trumpet death,
Ile find it wind with all my breath.

O caſe of glaſſe,
Confuſions maſe,
A flouring graſſe,
Temple of treachery,
Soule yoake to miſery,
Store-houſe of hell
Farewell, farewell,

TENOR.

O Thred of life when thou artſpent, how are my ſorrowes eaſed:
O vale of fleſh when thou art rent, how ſhall my ſoule be pleaſed: O earth why tremblеſt thou at

death, that did receiue both heate and breath, by bargaine of a ſecond birth, that done that done, againe to

be cold earth, Come death .ii. .ii. deare wid wife to my life, ſee ſinne and vertue hold at ſtrife, make haſt a-

way leſt thy delay, .ii. beeing decay, de- cay, world of inanity, .ii.

ſchoole-houſe of vanity, vanity, minion of hell farewell farewell .ii.

BASSVS.

O Thred of life when thou art ſpent, how are my ſorrowes eaſed,
O vale of fleſh when thou art rent, how ſhal my ſoule be pleaſed, O earth why trem- bleſt thou at death

that did receiue both heat & breath, by bargain of a ſecond birth, that done, .ii. again .ii.

come death, .ii. deere midwife to my life, ſee ſin & vertue hold at ſtrife, make haſt away, leſt thy delay, ii. be my decay

be my de- cay, world of inanity, anity, .ii. ſchool-houſe of vanity, .ii. minion of hell farewell, fare- well.

.ii. farewell, tare well,

ALTVS.

O Thred of life when thou art ſpent, how are my ſorrowes eaſed,
O vayle of fleſh when thou art rent, how ſhall my ſoule be pleaſed: O earth why trem- bleſt thou at death,

that did receiue both heate and breath, by bargaine of a ſecond birth, that done, .ii. again .ii.

come death, .ii. deere midwife to my life, ſee ſin and vertue hold at ſtrife, make haſt away, leſt thy delay .ii.

be my de- cay, world of inanity, anity ,,ii. ſchool-houſe of vanity, .ii. minion of hell farewell

.ii. farewell, fare well,

WHen I ſit reading all alone that ſecret booke where- in I

ſigh, I ſigh I ,ii, I ſigh to looke how many ſpots there bee, I wiſh I could not ſee,

I wiſh I could not ſee or from my ſelfe might flee,

2

Mine eyes for refuge then with zeale beſixe the ſkies,
My teares doe cloude thoſe eyes,
My ſighes doe blow them drie,
And yet I liue to die,
My ſelfe I cannot flie,

3

Heauens I implore, that knowes my fault, what ſhall I doe,
To hell I dare not goe,
The world firſt made me rue,
My ſelfe my griefes renew,
To whome then ſhall I ſue,

4

Alaſſe; my ſoule doth faint to draw this doubtfull breath,
Is there no hope in death,
O yes, death ends my woes:
Death me from me will loſe,
My ſelfe am all my foes.

BSASVS.

Hen I ſit reading all alone, that ſecret

booke wherein I ſigh, I ſigh to looke, how many

ſpots there be, I wiſh I could not ſee

ii

I wiſh I could not ſee.

ii.

or from my ſelfe might flee.

TENOR.

Hen I ſit reading all alone that ſecret booke wherein I ſigh, I ſigh to looke howy

many ſpotes there bee .ii. there be I wiſh I could not ſee .ii. or from my ſelfe

might flee.

ALTVS.

Hen I ſit reading all alone. that ſecret booke wherein I ſigh, I ſigh to looke to looke,

how many ſpots there be, I wiſh I conld not ſee .ii. -ii. or from my ſelfe

might flee.



2

Those eyes two pointed Diamonds did engraue,
VVithin my heart the true and liuely forme,
Of that sweet Saint whose pitty most I craue,
VVhose absence makes me comfortlesse to mourne,
And sighing say (Sweet) would she knew my loue,
My plaints perhaps her mind may somewhat moue;

3

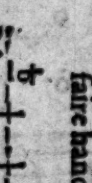
But if she knew, what if she did reiect,
Yet better twere by her sweet doome to die,
That she might know my deare loues true effect,
Then thus to liue in vnknowne misery,
Yet after death it may be she would say,
His too much loue did worke his liues decay.



Ain would I ſpeake but feare to giue offence, makes mee retire and in amazement ſtand

ſtill breathing forth my woes in fruitleſſe ſilence, whilſt my poore heart is ſlaine by her faire hand, Faire hands indeed the guiders of the dart, of the dart, that from her eyes

ALTVS.



Ain would I ſpeake but feare to giue offence, offence, makes mee retire .ii.

Alne would I ſpeake, .ii. but feare to giue offence makes me retire, and in amazement

ſtand, ſtill breathing forth, .ii. .ii. forth, whilſt my poore heart is ſlaine by her faire hand, by

.ii. faire hands indeed the guiders of the dart that from her eyes, that .ii. .ii. were

TENOR.



Ain would I ſpeak but feare to giue offence, makes mee retire .ii.

and in amazement ſtand, ſtill breathing forth .ii. my woes in fruitleſſe ſilence whilſt my poore heart

is ſlaine by her faire hand, by her faire hand Faire hands indeed the guiders of the dart, of the dart, that from her

eyes that .ii. were ſhelde at my heart.

IN Sherwood liude ſtout Robin Hood an Archer great none greater. His bow &

ſhafts were ſure & good, yet Cupids were much beter Robin could ſhoot at many a Hart and miſſe, Cupid at firſt could

hit a hart of his, hey iolly Robin hoe iolly Robin, hey iolly Robin Hood, loue finds out

me aſwell as thee to ſollow mee. ii. .ii. .ii. to follow me to the green wood.

2

A noble thiefe was Robin Hoode,
Wiſe was he could deceiue him,
Yet Marrian in his braueſt mood,
Could of his heart bereaue him,
No greater thiefe lies hidden vnder skies,
then beauty cloſely lodgde in womens eyes.
Hey iolly Robin.

3

An Out-law was this Robin Hood,
His life free and vnruly,
Yet to faire Marrian bound he ſtood
And loues debt payed her duely.
Whom curbe of ſtrickteſt law could not hold in,
Loue with obeyednes and a winke could winne.
Hey iolly Robin.

4

Now wend we home ſtout Robin Hood
Leaue we the woods behind vs,
Loue paſſions muſt not be withſtood,
Loue euery where will find vs,
I liude in field and towne, and ſo did he,
I got me to the woods, loue followed me.
He[illegible]bin.



N Sherwood.



Te calde sos pi ri all freddo core, Rompete

il ghiaccio che pieta coontente e se prego mortale al ci el s'in

ten de morte .ii. O mer cè sia fine al mio do lore Morte

.ii. O mercè sie fine al mio do lore.


Te Calde Sospire

Amor non è che dun que è quel ch'io ſento?
Se buona, on- de è effetto aſ- pro mortale?

Ma ſ'eg li è a mor, per dio che coſa è qua le?
Se ri a, on de e' fi dol ce og ni tor men tk?
Sa' mi a vog li a. ar do

on de è il piau to el la men to Sa' mal mio grado, il la men tar che va-

la ii. O viua morte ii. O diletto ſe ma-

le come puoi tanto in me ſ'io no'l con ſento.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.


A mor non è che dunque.

Before all thinges it is required upon before the

B

chr

Among frends all thinges are comon.

Better ten thousand times gett downe
die.

